

Imperial Guard when the star of his destiny had set forever! You and I will never do so badly!

LORD NELSON'S GLORY.

Look at Lord Nelson at Trafalgar. He not only violated orders, but committed a breach of discipline that would have caused him to be hanged at the yard-arm had he survived a disastrous battle; that certainly would have subjected him to a court-martial had he lived to witness his success. Lucky devil! perhaps he was thinking of early Hamilton. And yet Trafalgar was the last of his career. He was a man who swarms the busiest human life on the face of the civilized globe, and he is with that square stands the Nelson monument. Take of your life.

Probably the greatest political career in this country was attained by a man now dead, who violated every rule of discipline for cure, whose last nomination to a public office was made as a joke, and whose election was regarded as impossible. But you know that today his name has place beside that of Washington and Grant! He made, during his administration of the presidency, exactly one million "breaks." It would be impossible, perhaps, even to refer to the hundreds made by contemporaneous statesmen; but we readily recall the "breaks" of Calhoun, regarding Queen Isabella's marriage; the interference of Napoleon III in the Spanish succession; the downfall of Charles Stewart Parnell; and of Sir Charles Dilke (much after the good old Mark Antony fashion); the political suicide of Schuyler Colfax; and the other breakers of Credit Mobilier days; the resignation of Senator Conkling; and the persistent evasion of the Chicago platform by the leaders of the majority in the present Congress.

We have seen, in this running and wholly superficial survey of the lives of nations and individuals, that man is the creature of mistakes. We know that many of the most meritorious inventions have been blundered upon. Many of the greatest battles in history have been won by the violation of recognized theories of warfare.

But we must remember that the very fact of the successful attainment of the end desired proves conclusively that the method adopted was the correct one. We are all too much given to belief in ourselves. At least this is true of the individual. He should remember that his ability, as applied to humanity, is a matter of grave dispute at best. No ordinary mortal has ever claimed it for himself. The man who acts upon his best judgment—always influenced by his conscience—may make mistakes, but he has nothing which which to reproach himself, and ought to see the days of his life with that cheerful complacency, so that when the inevitable end arrives he may say, with Cicero: "I have lived."

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Curing by Laying-On of Hands.

Brooklyn Life. Mrs. Chatter—Do you believe that cures can be effected by the laying-on of hands? Mrs. Clatter—Most certainly. I cured my boy of smoking in that way.

The Wrong Door.

Poet—I write this poem, sir, to keep the wolf from the door. Editor—My dear sir, you are at the wrong place. There is no wolf at this door.

Didn't Need Any.

Harper's Young People. Mamma—Lloyd, have you given any fresh water to your goldfish this morning? Lloyd—No, mamma, they haven't drunk up what they have in the globe already.

In the Blood.

Life. "Fadder, you must make Shakes stop!" "Vot vos he doing, mine sabb?" "He was about wear out der sign on dis typewriter, playing mill it all day long."

Reformers.

Retailer and John. Miss Fiedelick still president of your Society for the Suppression of Slang, Miss Skidder? "No, she got too fresh and we turned her down."

Inevitable.

Puck. Curren Twether—Doesn't this weather beat anything you ever saw? Ole De Stinbant—No, sir, it does not! I'd have you in a rubber with me, no weather beats anything I ever saw.

Carried Out.

Detroit Tribune. "Miss Passe still makes a valiant struggle to carry out the illusion of youth." "Yes, and succeeds pretty well, too." "Do you think it is to meet?" "Certainly, there's nothing left of it."

Went Back on His Oats.

Texas Siftings. Oatler—Sure, sor, yer brown horse hasn't eat any oats for three days. Mr. Oatcracker—Is he sick? Oatler—I think not, sor; but the man at the feed store refuses to sell any more oats on credit.

The Only Causes.

Puck. Mrs. Dobson—Bridget told me she saw Mr. and Mrs. Hobson going to church this morning. I wonder what the matter is. Mr. Dobson—Why, either Mr. Hobson has had another attack of his heart trouble, or Mrs. Hobson has a new hat.

Taking Precautions.

Judge. Little Corinne—I know a awfully funny story, Fowence. My mamma told it to me when I had the diphtheria. Florence—Do I not want you? Little Corinne—Oh, I can't, 'cause you might catch the diphtheria, don't you see?

Spiritual Charity.

Detroit Tribune. "I don't know so much about the fatherless," mused Oldsop reflectively, "but I guess this holiday season is a good time to remember the widow."

He Knew.

Puck. Mrs. Kings-Dorset (impressing one of her proteges)—Be brave and earnest and you will succeed. "What is he?" "He is the great difficulty George Washington had to contend with."

A Madman's Sarcasm.

New York Tribune. "I came to see Miss Spritte, if you would look more favorably upon my suit to-day." Miss Spritte (adjusting her monocle and scrutinizing him in a railroad ticket)—I do. I think it looks better than the old one you wore the last time you were here.

No Digot.

Puck. Wife—George, I wish you belonged to my church. The new minister is a man you would like. Husband—Not such a bigoted Methodist as the other, that is he? Wife—No, he's very broad! He believes that Episcopalians, if they repent, can be saved.

Better Than a Pension.

Detroit Free Press. "A month or so ago," said the drummer, "I stopped over night at a small tavern in London, and before retiring I sat for an hour in the room used by a water and a tin to two or three men, one of whom, a lame man, was to be cured of his trouble and he said, 'I went up to bed some time before he did, and when he came I was snugly tucked away, but he said, 'you were talking about pensions, down-stairs, weren't you?'"

Yes, I rather believe in pensions, economically administered.

"So do I," he said, carefully taking off his glasses, and with a waxy nose, which he laid on the table, "I am not a discomfited, but I don't believe in being indiscriminate—here he fished out a glass eye and put it in a tumbler of water and then took out his teeth and put them with the eye. I couldn't say anything, and he went on."

I know men who are to-day getting from \$10 to \$20 a week.

"I know men who are to-day getting from \$10 to \$20 a week, by beginning the eradication of weeds through the inspection of the seed of the corn. The seed will be accomplished in the beginning of the season."

A weed is anything growing on a farm that you do not want.

"For that reason only seed should be used, by beginning the eradication of weeds through the inspection of the seed of the corn. The seed will be accomplished in the beginning of the season."



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“Olivette,” has been produced with great success at the Paris Nouveautés.

Joseph Hart, of Hatten & Hart, is writing a musical farce comedy which will be called “The Family Tree.”

Arthur Moulton will star next season in a farce-comedy called “A Dark Horse,” with no stolen gas promised.

M. B. Curtis has purchased the Driskill Hotel at Austin, Texas, and contemplates erecting a theater on the adjoining property.

Julie has abandoned comic opera and gone back to the Paris music halls, where she is now singing with remarkable success.

Frank Push, the Hebrew story-teller, has signed for next season with “The Hustler.” Mrs. Bush (Isabella Maib), also goes with the same company.

Miss Annie Lewis, who plays here in “The Dazzler,” is a sourette who is much in demand by managers and has been offered numerous inducements to go starring.

Agnes Booth Schofield has been engaged by William H. Crane to play Mrs. Hilary in “The Senator,” which he intends to revive during his engagement at the Star Theater next month.

“Mrs. Grundy, Jr.,” which Charles Frohman’s Comedians produced in Washington last week, is Clyde Fitch’s adaptation of “Cortina vs. Cortina,” which ran for over a year at the Cluny in Paris.

An Italian play that has taken the government prize this year is called “Dr. Muller,” and its theme is the struggle of conscience in a physician over the question whether to cure his wife’s lover or let it die.

Clara Morris’s annual engagement in Indianapolis will be January 12 and 13 (Friday night and Saturday matinee), when she will appear as Cora in “Arlene,” and “Camille,” two of her greatest impersonations.

When Barnett’s new burlesque “Tobacco,” is produced by Edwin E. Rice there will be a congenial role for Henry E. Dixey, whose renewed alliance with his old manager means good deal for American burlesque.

Roland Reed will, after all, go out again this season. He has been in New York for a month. Mr. Reed is now at his home in New York and is rapidly recovering his health, which will be good news to his many friends.

Sandow, the strong man, delivers a lecture each night at the Grand Opera House, and the audience is limited to fifteen persons.

Francis Wilson has been elected to succeed John H. Johnson as the president of the Players’ Club, of New York, Jefferson having been made president, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Edwin Booth.

It is a settled fact that Charles B. Jefferson, at the days of the Grand Opera, will withdraw from the firm of Jefferson, Klaw & Branger. This is a serious blow to the firm, as Mr. Jefferson has been the backbone of this concern.

Mr. Will H. Kohnle, who is the principal comedian of the Wilbur Opera Company, which plays at the Park this week, is an Indianapolis product, who reverts credit on the city. He has decided talent and originality, and is capable of even better things than he is now doing.

Nat Goodwin is “hot” because the rumor has been printed that he is going to abandon his position in the Grand Opera Company in Missouri. He thinks that it arose from the fact that he has let the play to Frederic Bryton for certain territory which he is not covering.

It is the best play he has ever had, and his audiences are the largest he has ever drawn.

In that successful comedy, “Americans Abroad,” which made a record in New York city at the Lyceum last season, there are excellent roles for the cast.

Charles H. Hoyt’s new comedy, “A Milk White Flag,” which is a satire on amateur military organizations, received its first production at Buffalo last Monday night, and made a great hit. Unlike “A Temperance Town” and like “A Trip to Europe,” it is a farce-comedy, in which musical features and specialties abound.

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